

ALL NEW

a Hanna-Barbera Production



NO. 27
AUG

00750
75/CDC

YOGI BEAR



RAY
DIRGO

00750

YOGI BEAR

WELL, I FOUND IT, DIDN'T I?

YOGI, YOU'RE NOT ONLY A HORRIBLE EXAMPLE TO ALL THE OTHER BEARS IN JELLYSTONE NATIONAL PARK...

SEE, RANGER SMITH? YOGI IS EATING THE WHOLE PICNIC LUNCH ALL BY HIMSELF!

SLURP

the RUNNER

RAY DRESSO

D-6105

... BUT YOUR GREEDINESS IS MAKING YOU FAT! THIS IS VERY UNHEALTHY! **ON YOUR FEET, YOGI!!**

BURP

NOW, YOGI... YOU'RE GOING TO EXERCISE! START BY TOUCHING YOUR TOES FIFTY TIMES! ONE... TWO... **BEND, YOGI!!**

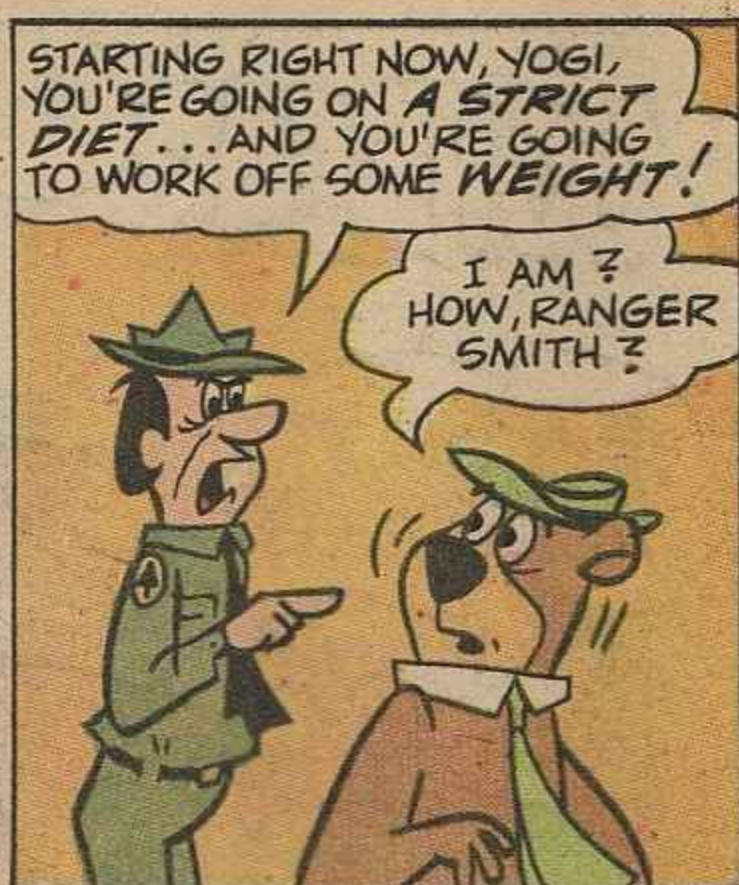
I... I CAN'T!

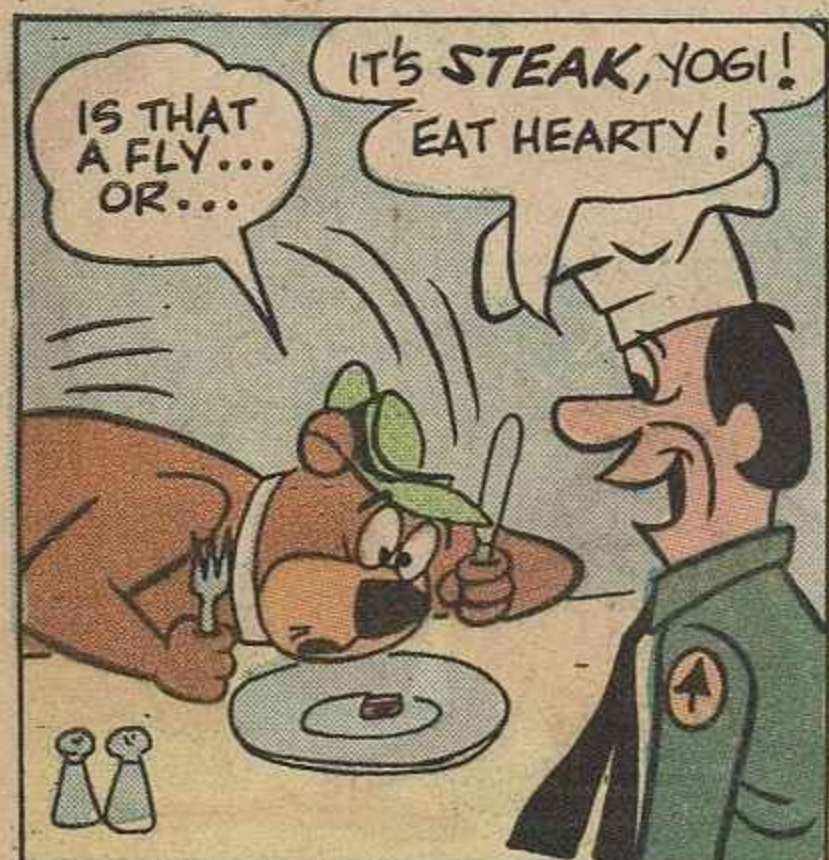
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YOGI BEAR
in

Food's Gold!

BOOOOMMM

WATCH
OUT, YOGI...
THE CEILING
IS FALLING!

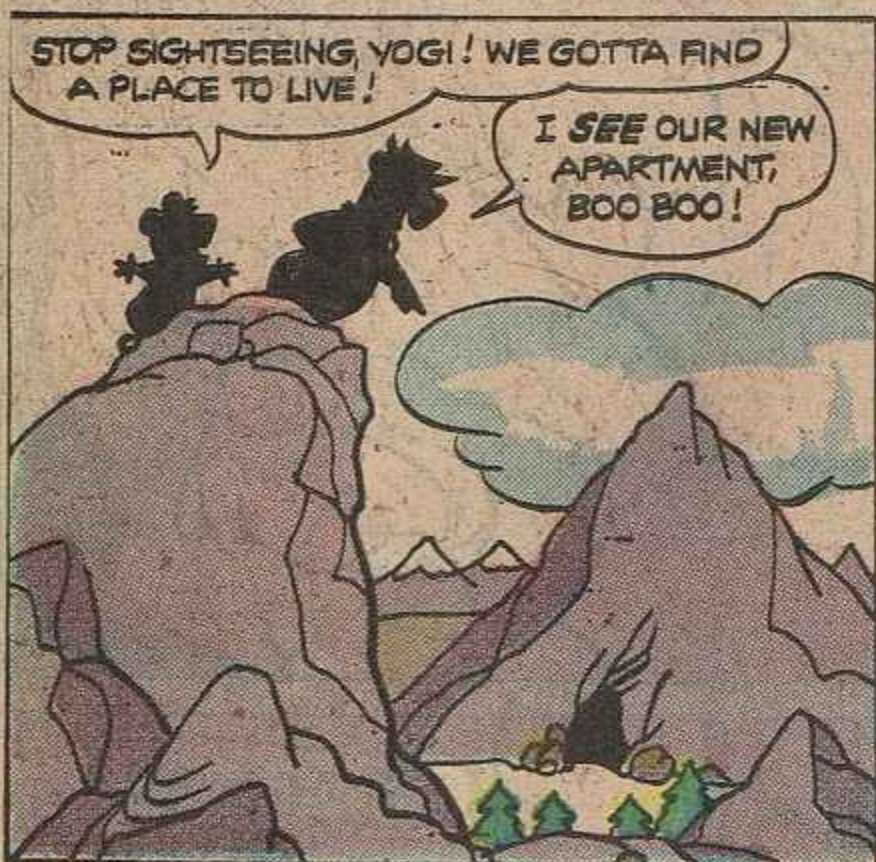
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WHAT'S WRONG
WITH YOGI,
BOO BOO?

A ROCK FELL ON
HIS HEAD, MR. SMITH!
THERE'S A BIG CRACK
IN THE CEILING!

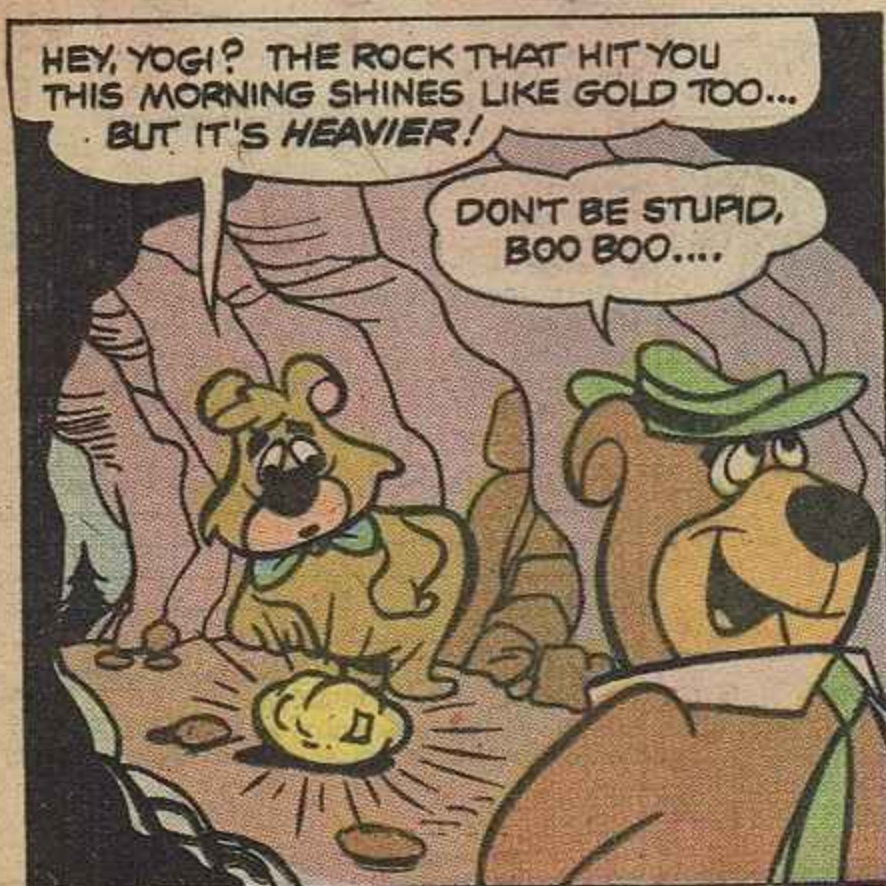
SEE, MR. SMITH!

THIS CAVE IS TOO
DANGEROUS TO LIVE
IN, BOO BOO!







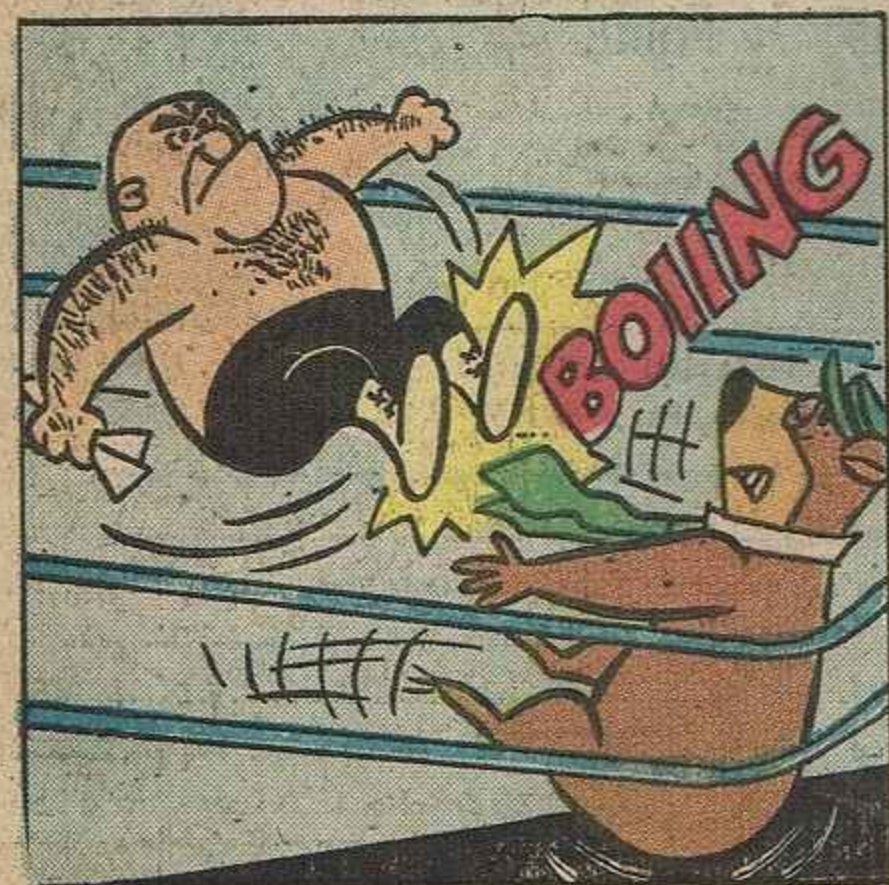


YOGI BEAR

THE MAIL MUST GO THROUGH













THE RABBIT PUNCH



It was time for the Spring Fair in Animalville. There were lots of tents and displays for all the animal residents of the little town in the forest to enjoy. There were shows put on by animals who had talent. Bird singers accompanied by cricket bands sang their favorite melodies. There was a high-wire trapeze act performed by the flying squirrel trio. Max, the Magic Rabbit magician, also consented to demonstrate some of his woods-renowned magic tricks.

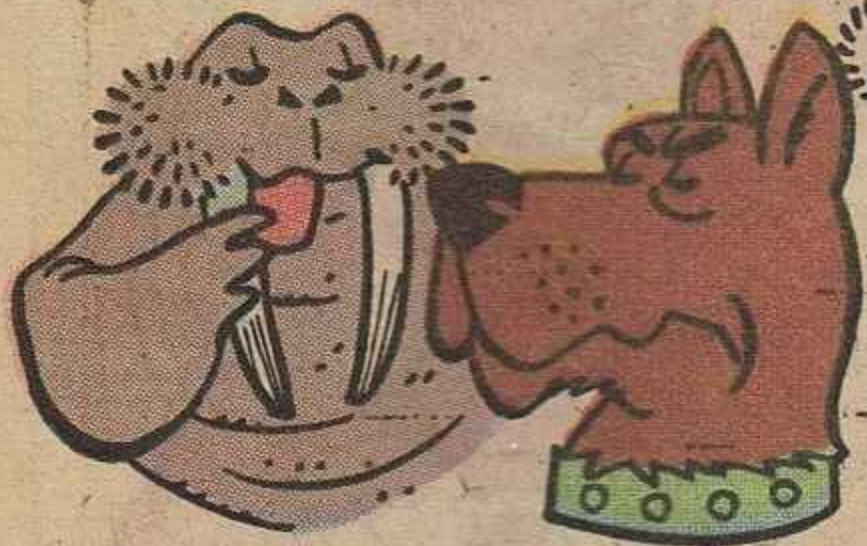
There were also competitions and contests which all of the animals could enter if they wanted to. There was the annual leap frog, broad jumping event. It was usually won by Bill Bullfrog. There was a nut cracking contest. It was usually won by Charlie Chipmunk. Last, but not least, there was the pie eating contest. It was

won by Max's friend, Waldo the Walrus, every year. Waldo was the undefeated pie eating champion for ten years. If there was one thing that Waldo had real talent for; it was eating, especially eating pies! When Waldo sat down at the pie eating table, he looked like a vacuum cleaner with tusks. The pies disappeared faster than the attendants could put them onto the table.

"Is it almost time for the pie eating contest?" asked Waldo as he stopped at a side show. He paused to watch exotic looking, garter snakes performing a belly dance. "No," answered Max pulling his friend away from the side show. "The pie eating contest is still two hours away!" added Max. "It's two hours away! I'm starving already. I only had twelve bowls of sardine

cereal, eight pieces of blubbered toast and six pounds of blackberries for breakfast." answered Waldo. "Think of all the room you'll have for the pies." answered Max as he pulled Waldo away from the tent.

The fair grounds were very crowded. Waldo was thinking about pies and not watching where he was going. A big, tough-looking boxer dog who was an out-of-town visitor, was approaching from the opposite direction. He wasn't watching where he was going either. He was too busy nibbling on a candy-coated dog biscuit. Waldo and the boxer bumped into

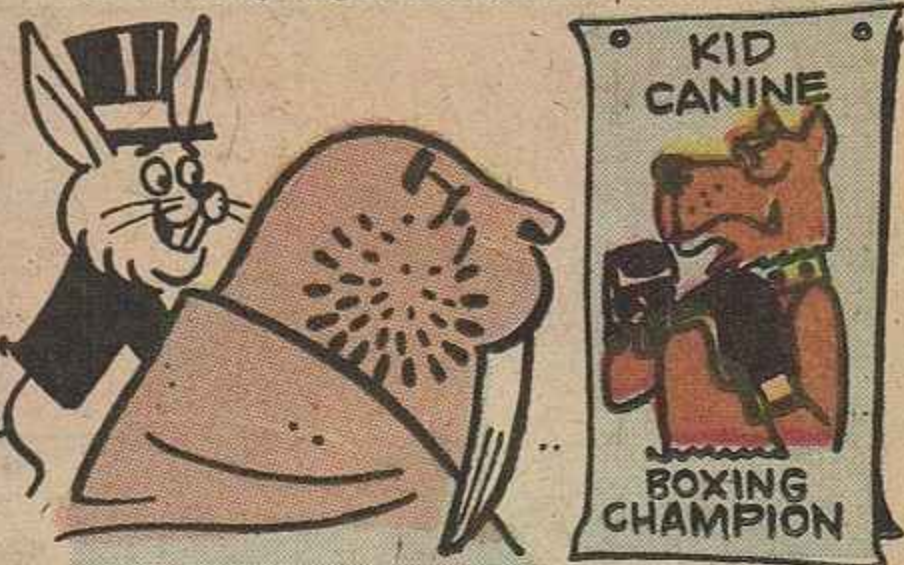


each other. "Sorry, excuse me!" apologized Waldo. "Watch where you are going, you tub of blubber!" answered the angry boxer.

He was as much at fault as Waldo, but he wanted to be nasty instead of polite. "That's not a nice thing to say. Waldo has already apologized," said Max. He didn't want to stand around and let a stranger insult his friend. "Keep your twitching nose out of my business, fur face!" snapped the dog. Max got angry. "Who do you think you are?" replied Max. "I'm warning you. I'll pin your long ears back, cottontail!" threatened the boxer. "I'm not afraid of you!" answered Max. "Okay, meet me in the blue tent in fifteen minutes!" said the dog. He pointed at a tent around the corner and walked away.

Fifteen minutes later, Max and Waldo arrived at the blue tent. "Max, are you sure you want to fight that big guy? He looks awfully tough!" said Waldo. "I

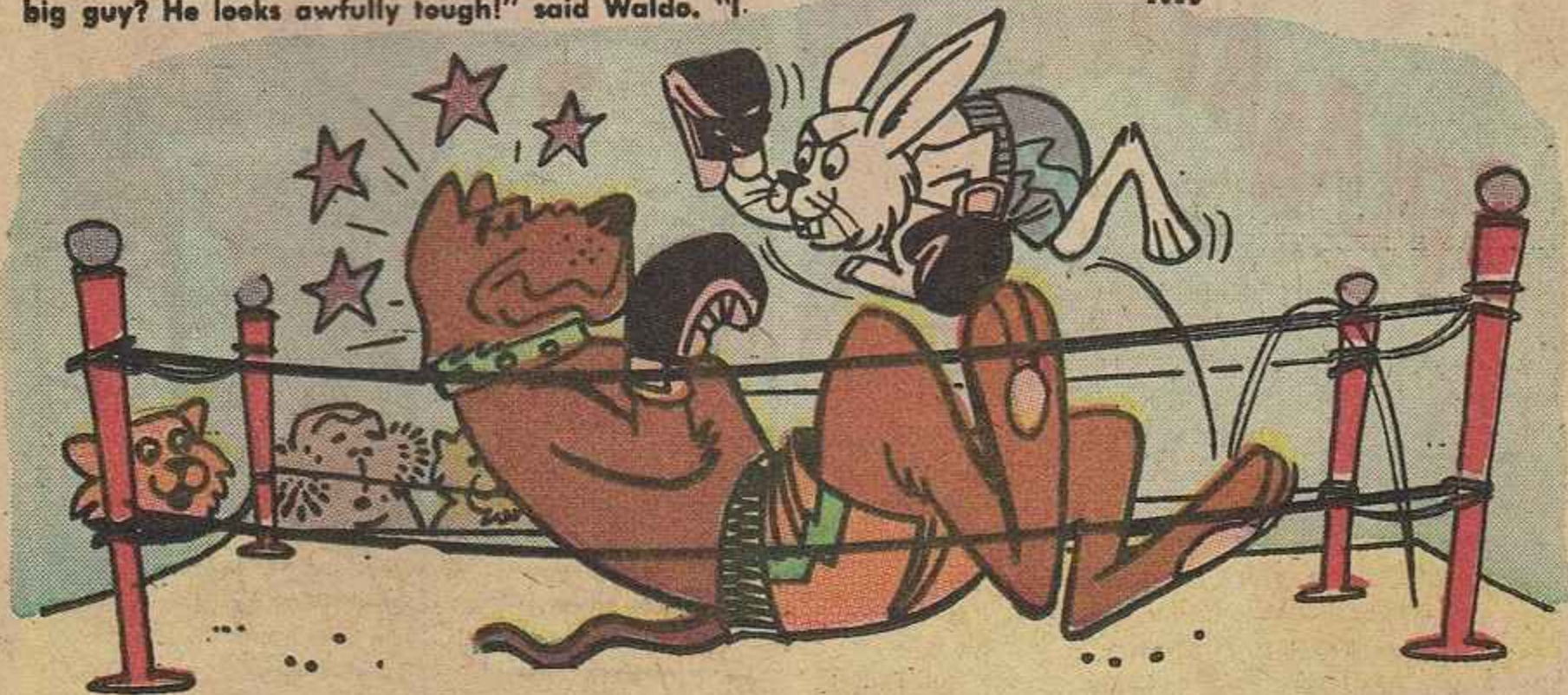
don't want to fight. Fighting never really solves anything. Sometimes you have to show a bully that you're not afraid of him!" answered Max as he boldly stepped into the tent. The two friends were amazed to see a boxing ring inside the tent. There was a big



poster with a picture of the tough-looking boxer dog pasted onto it. "Kid Canine — Former Dog Pound Boxing Champion," said Waldo as he read the sign.

"He's a professional fighter. You can't fight him!" Waldo protested. Max shrugged his shoulders and stepped into the ring. The boxer dog came in wearing fighting trunks and boxing gloves. Waldo tied a pair of boxing gloves on Max's paws. An official stepped into the ring. He would referee the fight. "No hitting below the belt. No cheating! And, no magic!" said the referee when he introduced the fighters. "I found out who you are. Now that you can't use your magic, I'll clobber you, shorty!" said the dog to Max. The bell sounded. The boxer moved towards Max. Max hopped around the ring. The boxer missed every punch he threw. He watched Max jumping around and got dizzy. Max hopped close to him. The Rabbit Magician lifted his glove and hit the boxer over the head using a rabbit punch. The boxer was counted out. When he came to, he shook hands with Max and apologized.

Waldo was so nervous he couldn't undo Max's gloves. "Calm down. It will be time for the pie eating contest soon," kidded Max. "That fight frightened me so much, I've lost my appetite," confessed Waldo.



**YOGI
BEAR**

**DON'T LOSE
YOUR HEAD!**

**CLANG
BANGABAGABANGA
TOOT**

HOME
SWEET
HOME

I HATE
GOPHERS!

IT'S A **GOPHER**
INVASION, YOGI!

NO...DON'T
THROW THAT!

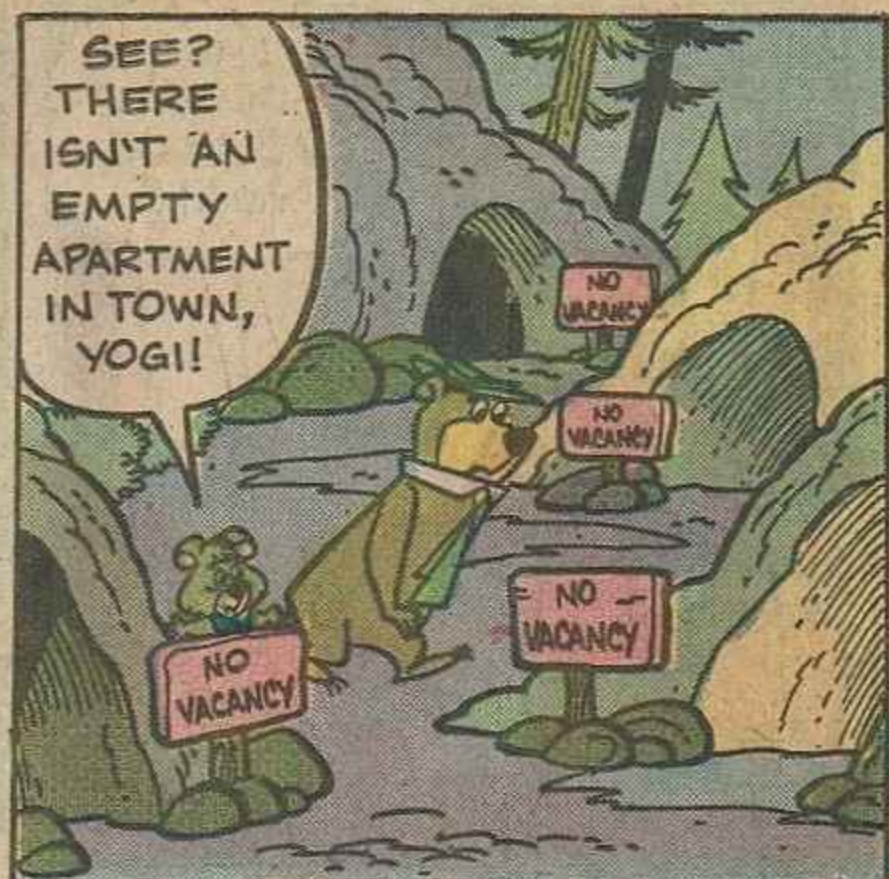
THAT WAS
OUR DINNER,
YOGI!

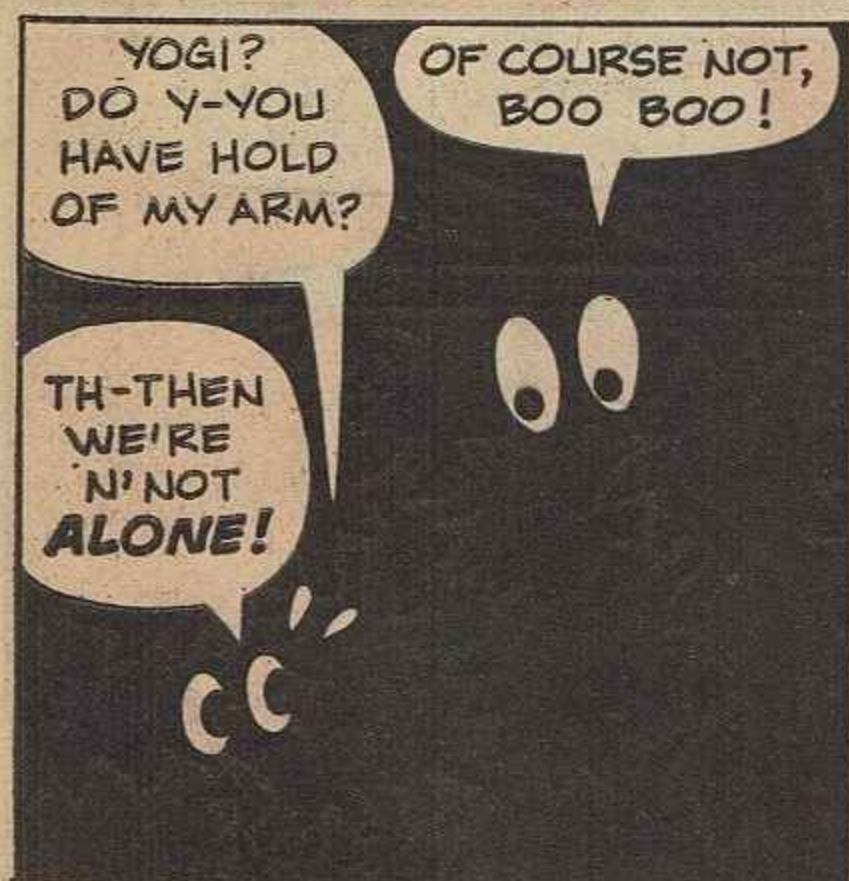
OH, NO!

SPLAAATT!

I CAN'T STAND IT, BOO BOO!

**BANBANGABANGA
TOOT TOOT**









YOGI BEAR Not So Appetizing

